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The Sword

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JOHN H. CLARKE, M.D.,
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PREFACE

"Think not that I am come to send Peace on earth: I came not to send Peace, but a Sword."—*Matt. x.* 34.

"Suppose ye that I am come to give Peace on earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather Division."—*Luke xii.* 51.

I

A thousand years are but as one day in an æon, and two thousand years have not yet elapsed since a new Ideal flamed into the family of man. Until its advent other ideals held and still hold sway over men and nations; and chief among the instruments of human education and evolution was the ideal of the Nation or the Tribe, owning allegiance to a tribal God. Men were taught to recognise that individual interest must be sacrificed to the interest of the tribe or nation personified in the tribal God. In return for the loyalty and devotion of the members of the tribe, the tribal God undertook to foster their interests, and threatened to visit them with misfortune in case of their failure. This was a first step in the lesson of human unselfishness.

The educational and evolutional function of race-religion was superseded by the advent of the Religion of Humanity in the person and mission

of The Christ. But it was not in the nature of human development that the full effect of this tremendous event should at once become apparent. The figure of the leaven changing by imperceptible degrees the three measures of meal gives a graphic conception of the hidden working of the new life-force. This is one of many figures; another is the figure and the prophecy of The Sword.

The creed of the pacifist finds no warrant in the religion of The Christ. Peace as a British interest, or any other national interest, or as an "interest" of any description whatever, is a doctrine of Mammon and not a doctrine of Christ. Peace is indeed a blessing when the victory of justice is won, or when there is no injustice left to fight against. Any other kind of peace is not peace at all, but a craven counterfeit.

The religion of The Christ is only yet in its infancy. It will hardly be contended by the most enthusiastic of Christians that the world has yet been raised to the level which its Founder has fixed for its goal. This is not to be reached without struggle and effort. Living ideals are powers of tremendous import, and when these powers enter into conflict dire events must follow. The history of the last two thousand years is one long story of this war of ideals; but to the present writer it

seems that the full import of the prophecy, "I came not to send peace but a sword," has never been apparent until to-day. We now see, as the world has never seen before, the two ideals of race-religion and the religion of Humanity in mortal conflict. The leaven of the Kingdom has been working without pause in creeds and sects without number, and in channels apparently creedless, ever since its advent. And all the time the opposite leaven, the religion of the race-god, again in protean shapes, has been unrelentingly fighting against it. The Mosaic religion was its highest and most vivid expression. The religion of Mahomet, which has an almost identic tradition with the Mosaic, is a scarcely less striking example. But tribal religion can also masquerade under the name and form of patriotism, whenever patriotism is devoid of its soul.

The soul of a nation is the highest ideal which it is capable of expressing, and of which it ought to be an embodiment. As a man must resist to the death rather than sacrifice his personal honour, so a nation must pour out its blood and treasure in defence of the ideal which is its inspiration, and for which it exists. This is true patriotism. It is in defence of this *Patria* that every nation is

in duty bound to organise all its resources of men and material. But whenever a nation betrays its ideal, and organises its forces for the attainment of base ends, true patriotism is dead, and its place is taken by a false patriotism which is identical with the dead religion of a race-god. It was the failure of the Israelitish nation to recognise its own Ideal when It appeared in its midst, its blind determination to destroy its Ideal and cling to a religion which had lost its soul, that led to its destruction as a nation with a motherland of its own, and to its arrested spiritual development.

But the greatest example of a tribal religion manifested to-day is seen in the Germanic peoples. It is not for nothing that the Teuton is allied with the Turk. It is the inevitable coalescence of two allied spiritual forces. All the wiles and bribes and threats of diplomacy could not have effected the union otherwise. It is not for nothing that Hebrews all over the world have an open or concealed affection for the cause of the German and the Turk, and it is not without its significance that the pro-Teuton leader of the Young Turks has Hebrew blood in his veins. The corpse of a dead religion which the Hebrews have adhered to, in spite of the manifested Light of the New, is to all intents

and purposes identical with the religion of the German god, whose ambition is to be *über alles*, and to possess himself of a world-domination identical with that which was promised to the Hebrews, if taken in its literal, material sense, and without the conditions imposed. In spite of the pleadings of their poets and prophets, the Hebrew people have stubbornly refused to accept the spiritual import of their religion. And even the few who had the vision to recognise the Embodied Ideal of their religion when He appeared among them, found it exceedingly difficult to grasp the spiritual content of His teaching. By slow degrees it burnt its way into their deepest consciousness, and through their words and works it has quickened one half of the civilised world.

But the old order was not easily overcome. The first adherents of the new religion were drawn from the family of the Hebrews, and one of the earliest difficulties of the disciples was to determine whether Hebrew customs were to be imposed on Gentile converts to the new faith or not. The decision was not reached without bitter strife, and the Apostle to the Gentiles himself, who opposed the contention that Gentile Christians should be subjected to Hebrew rites, even he made an excep-

tion in the case of one of his chief coadjutors. And the strife did not end there. Eighteen hundred years later we find Blake complaining bitterly that Christians had set up the stony laws of Moses above their altars, that "all nations believe the Jew's code and worship the Jew's God, and," he asks, "what greater subjection can be?"

But the Day of Judgment has come. The New Testament is emerging from its chrysalis, and is finding a new element in which to spread its wings, freed from the dead shell which has so long held it in confinement. Why Gentile Christians should have taken upon themselves Mosaic rules and ritual it is difficult to understand, though it is not difficult to understand that Hebrews should have been flattered thereby, and should exult in their evident triumph. But the triumph cannot endure. The Sword is setting the New Life free from the corpse of Israel's dead rules and laws, with which it has so long suffered itself to be burdened.

His Ideal finally rejected, Israel clave to his idols. Moses ground the golden calf to powder, but it has reincarnated in the form of a beast of

prey, whose claws are seen in men like the late Isaac Gordon of unloved memory, and its fangs in International Finance. Beyond all controversy Mammon is the god of the present phase of the world, but, happily, one half of the world is now in revolt. The worship of Mammon has permeated and corrupted all the governments of the earth, and none more deeply than our own; but only in the Germanic empires and among their friends and allies, open and secret, is Mammon-worship acclaimed as the noblest of creeds. Lust of empire, lust of wealth and material possessions, —such is the ideal which animates the Teutonic peoples and their friends wherever they are to be found. In the pursuit of their aims no infamy, no cruelty, no scientifically-planned barbarity must be left untried in order to ensure victory.

It is well that the world should perceive the real nature of the doctrine of devils which has been corrupting its life-blood so long. For it is not in Germany alone that this leaven of Mammon has been active. One half of the civilised world has revolted against the infamy now made manifest, but as long as it remained concealed under a specious surface it could work its way unchecked in the senate, in the mart, in the church, in the

chapel, and in every department of public and private life.

This age of the world is necessarily a material age; but it needs not be materialistic. It is an essential part of man's education to master and fashion the material—fashion it in structure, mould it in art, raise and transfigure it into something higher than the state in which he finds it. But it is no part of man's education to worship the material his hands have fashioned, be it temple, or idol, or coin. This is man's destruction, and this the leaven of Mammon had well-nigh achieved when the Kaiser and his myrmidons disclosed its true nature in all its hideous blackness. Then the Nations rose in their millions, and The Sword was revealed.

The Sword is The great Divider. It cuts between ideals. Not in the fire-zone alone is The Sword at work. There it is, indeed, dividing the ideal of Might-before-right from the ideal of Right-before-might, but also to every individual within the bounds of civilised humanity comes The unescapable Sword. He who is not for the one ideal is for the other. According to the answer each man

gives to the question involved, he is cut off by The Sword from the one side or the other, an impenetrable chasm separating individuals outside the area of material conflict infinitely wider than the dead zone between opposing lines of trenches.

It is all to the good of Humanity that this should be so. For the world-conflict becomes first a national conflict and then a personal conflict. In the world-conflict The Sword is dividing universal Right from universal Wrong. As the nations range themselves on the side of the Right and shed their blood and treasure without stint in order that Right may prevail, they are also purifying themselves of many of their national weaknesses and vices, and are upbuilding and perfecting their national character by the sacrifices which they are making. And in no less a degree does The Sword come as a purifying instrument to individuals than it does to nations, cutting away the small, enfeebling things of life, and revealing the things of deepest worth, which Mammon can neither buy, nor sell, nor give, nor take away.

The Day of Judgment has come. The separation is proceeding apace. A dead world has been summoned to rise from its grave, and every indi-

vidual is called upon to be his own judge, to pronounce his own doom, and to depart to the right hand or to the left.

II

Humanity is made up of one great family of nations, each nation having its specific character and individuality, which it has no right to lose or suffer to be impaired. Every nation has a number of possible ideals, some good, some bad. But every nation has one highest ideal which it may attain, more or less perfectly, if it will. It is only as each nation endeavours to express this ideal that it can be a welcome member of the family of nations, and only is Internationalism possible between groups of nations so inspired.

The glorious company of our Allies in the field are finding along with ourselves where our ideals lie. It is for each one of us to see that our own national ideal is kept bright and untarnished. It is for ourselves especially to take care that we fall not short of the destiny marked out for us by our mighty poets and seers of old.

What is England's ideal?

Chaucer, in the Prologue to "The Canterbury Tales," has given his conception of the ideal of English manhood in his portrait of The Knight. Blake, who took as the subject of a picture the start of the Canterbury Pilgrims from The Tabarde Inn, has also left us in his "Descriptive Catalogue" an account of the poem which is no less precious than the picture itself.

"The Knight," says Blake, "is a true hero, a good, great and wise man; his whole-length portrait on horseback, as written by Chaucer, cannot be surpassed. He has spent his life in the field, has ever been a conqueror, and is of that species of character which in every age stands as the guardian of man against the oppressor. His son is like him, with the germ of, perhaps, greater perfection still, as he blends literature and the arts with warlike studies. Their dress and their horses are of the first rate, without ostentation, and with all the true grandeur that unaffected simplicity when in high rank always displays."

Spenser has given us, in greater detail, another portrait embodying the same ideal in the First Book of "The Faerie Queene." The Red Cross Knight, like The Knight of Chaucer, "stands as the guardian of man against the oppressor." Spenser gives us also a portrait of the ideal of

English womanhood in the character of The Princess Una. And whilst the Red Cross Knight eventually slays the Dragon and delivers Una's parents from bondage, it is Una who brings Arthur to rescue the Knight from the toils of the Giant into whose lair he has been led, and it is Una who leads her Champion to his final victory.

England has never lacked poets and seers to light her on her way, and now that the world of conventions is falling to pieces about her under the stroke of The Sword, her great opportunity has come. Like Chaucer's Knight, Britain is taking her place as "The Guardian of man against the Oppressor." Like the Red Cross Knight of Spenser, with the Princess Una, who invoked his aid, Britain is now treading the path of the dragon-slayer, her true patron, Saint George.

A literary Hindu, who had no great admiration for Anglo-Indians as a class, was constrained to admit to the writer that there was one quality which Englishmen possessed in a supreme degree—a love of justice. He had known Anglo-Indian officials take endless trouble to have the wrongs of a native put right, when the matter was of no personal

concern whatever to themselves. It is by this, he said, that England's power in India is secured. It is by this, I may add, that Britain's power will live, and it will be by her failure in this—should she ever fail—that Britain's power will die, at home, on the seas, in the Colonies, and wherever it has found an abiding-place throughout the world.

A writer in "The Times" recently quoted a passage from one of Voltaire's letters on England —"*Sur le Parlement*"—in which a somewhat analogous observation appears. "The aim of the English Government," writes Voltaire, "is by no means the brilliant folly of making conquests, but of preventing her neighbours from making any; this people is not only jealous of infringements of its own liberty, it is equally jealous of infringement of the liberty of other peoples."—Here is Britain's ideal. Should she ever barter away this birthright, ruin irretrievable will be hers. Britain desires domination over no peoples: she seeks no privileges for herself which she does not wish others to share.

But lofty aims and high ideals are of little value unless they are seconded by high endeavour. In a nation this means a clean national policy and

unceasing national effort to secure national efficiency. Like Chaucer's Knight, the nation must be well mounted, must have good equipment and good weapons, and must be perfect in the use of them. But the nation must never use its powers for selfish or unworthy ends.

And, truth to tell, the leaven of Mammon—the leaven of scribes, pharisees, lawyers and dead religions—has long been active in our land, and had brought our national policy to a perilous edge when The Sword was revealed for our salvation. The Tempter as often brings ruin to a man by working on his virtues as by attacking his weaknesses. And as with a man so is it with a nation. One of our national characteristics is generosity. Allied to the national love of justice, this quality has led us to open our national doors to aliens of every description, and especially to such as could pour a tale of oppression or persecution into our ears. Many of the tales have been true, and we have done well to heed them; but very, very often, with unpardonable neglect of common vigilance, we have welcomed into our national family candidates whose sole aim has been to rob and defraud us.

On the other hand, the Cult of the Coin has eaten deep into our national and personal life.

The mad race for wealth had attained a perilous force in our social and political life when The Sword struck the blow which called the nation back from the pursuit of illusion to reality. But it was through our national virtues, in large measure, that the alien influences found entrance, and the means to warp our state-policy, poison our commerce, undermine our wealth, and, if it were possible, to destroy our national character. The strength of England lies in her Literature, her Industries, her Commerce. England has been called a nation of shopkeepers. That she might be without sacrificing her dignity. But under alien influence England was rapidly degenerating into a nation of money-dealers. That she could never be and survive. Money is a highly important instrument of exchange. Money may be a good servant; money can never be anything other than a pernicious master. When the money-dealer takes possession of the temple, the God departs. Man *cannot* serve God and Mammon. And that is precisely what the nation was trying to do when The Sword appeared in the nation's path.

Ruskin complained that Irving, in his presentation of "The Merchant of Venice," had distorted

Shakspeare's intention, and had made the murderous Shylock the hero of the play instead of Shakspeare's hero, Antonio. But in this Irving was faithfully chronicling the depth to which the national mind had sunk in his time. Since then the downward pace steadily increased until The Sword spoke. "Money talks," say the Americans. Money does much more; it rules by an infinity of foul means the rulers of the world. Where are not the money-changers to be found now? But The Sword has spoken: Money shall not have the last word in the governments of the earth. The nation has heard and seen. Shylock must once more become the villain of the play, and greed and murder cease to be heroic in our land.

"The characters of Chaucer's Pilgrims," says Blake, "are the characters of all ages and all nations. As one age falls another rises, different to mortal sight, but to immortals only the same; for we see the same characters repeated again and again, in animals, vegetables, minerals and in men. Nothing new occurs in identical existence; Accident ever varies, Substance can never suffer change nor decay. . . . . Chaucer has laughed at his knaves and fools; but he has respected his true Pilgrims, who are a majority of his company."

In the company of Chaucer's Pilgrims we have our nation in brief. There were knaves and fools among them, but the true pilgrims were in the majority, and at the head of the procession, by general consent, rode The Knight. It is now our nation's duty to find her Knight, with Squire and Yeoman, good men and true, to lead our national Pilgrimage.

The profession of politics in this country has degenerated into a money-making game, in which the prizes are to the victors, and the nation's interests are sacrificed to the will of any moneyed magnate, who may be British or who may not, who can afford to buy a policy of the party in power. It is not through this machinery that the Knight and the Squire and the Yeoman are likely to be discovered. But the war is the Nation's war, and the Nation will have to find its leaders for itself when the machinery of politics fails. We know that the political machine has put one German spy into our Imperial Parliament: we do not know how many more it may have put there, and who may be there still undiscovered. Neither do we know to what high offices in the State it may have raised them.

Under the blows of the German hammer our Nation and Empire have been struck into a self-

consciousness which is most precious. Britain has never known herself as she does to-day. But she must know herself still better. She is beginning to realise that the war is her own war, and that she cannot rely on the efforts of other nations to finish it. She has yet to learn the extent of her own powers and resources and responsibilities. Not in the war only, but in peace supremely must Britain learn to trust in her own children and her own efforts to work out the destiny set before her. It has been a weakness of the British to imagine that foreigners can do things better than they can themselves. In some instances this may be true; but that is no excuse for the grievous fault of the rulers of the nation in allowing the alien to secure such an ascendency in essential matters as to make our nation their dependents. The war has shewn our country that from now on it must rely on its own unaided efforts to do its own work and fill its own place in the world.

That place is no mean one. No false humility must blind us to this. The career of Britain is only in its infancy. The place of Britain in the Pilgrimage of the Nations is the place of The Knight at the Procession's head. But before Britain can take her rightful place among the

nations, she must first find her own National Knight to lead her own national procession to her place before the Shrine. Her Knight must be clear of Shylock's bond: under no influence but that of Britain's genius: fired by no interest other than that of seeing his race and country attain her highest ideal.

III

On the darkest hour of England's policy The Sword flashed a light which disclosed, with many another unpleasing revelation, an army of our enemies and their agents in our midst. Myriads of them, flying over treacherous designs the white flag of innocent intent, had sought and found adoption into the national family. The English character is direct and simple. The English people cannot understand duplicity in others, and so falls an easy prey to designing intriguers. But for the light flashed by The Sword, England would never have believed that the government of a neighbouring nation could have incited its subjects to entrench themselves within our borders by pretending an allegiance they never meant to fulfil, or that its subjects would have been base enough to act on such incitement.

The blood of a man is the most vital and complex of his tissues. In the blood is the life and

character of a man, and in the blood is the life and character of a nation. The old instinct which forbids members of one tribe to intermarry with members of another has its roots in the facts of life. No nation should admit into its blood-alliance alien elements which are detrimental to the national character, as no man should consume as food substances which cannot be converted into his own proper tissues. The easy admission of men of alien blood and alien instincts to British nationality, and into positions of political influence, is a crime on the part of our rulers which the nation is expiating now. Shylock has no part in the blood of England, and The Sword will not have completed its work for our country until the grip of International Finance has been stricken off the direction of Britain's political life.

For many a year after Armageddon is over the nations of the world will have the gigantic task of putting in order the tangled affairs of their own several households. If our enemies can achieve their purpose, the nations will never accomplish their task. For the enemy is still entrenched in the soil of Britain and her Allies. Nor are our enemies all of alien blood. If the blood is the most vital of the bodily tissues, there is something

more vital still. "The Soul is Form and doth the bodie make," sang Spenser; and though a man's spirit may be "subdued to what it works in," it may also transcend its instrument. There are men of alien descent who have their spiritual home in England, whose ideals are English ideals. And there are persons born in Great Britain, of British ancestry, who are spiritually allied with our enemies. But these are exceptions, and until men of alien blood have given irrefragable proof of spirit kinship with British ideals, we must let the outward form be our guide. Scions of enemy nations and of races and nations in sympathy with them must be more than suspect. They may be faithful to the oaths they have taken and to the sentiments they have professed, but, also, they may not. They must, therefore, be shut out from any share in the government of our country until they have given unequivocal proofs of loyalty. The British Empire, with all its enormous responsibilities, must be governed by Britons. Britons are equal to the task. Men of alien blood have no rightful place in its government, as they have had no share in its making. And as with men of alien blood, so must it be with men of British blood who have shewn that their spiritual home is the land of our enemies.

Never again must they enjoy public trust. For there must be no blinking the certainty that after the war we shall have to endure the secret attacks of our enemies, more subtle and more desperate than ever before. Peaceful penetration is a deadly form of warfare. If Britain's suspicions are ever again put to sleep after The Sword's Awakening Flash, Britain will forfeit all right to expect a second miracle to be wrought for her deliverance.

In his great satirical romance, "Erewhon," Butler has described a community among whom the use and even the possession of machines was forbidden, for fear, as it was said, lest machines should take to breeding and flood the world with machines, and so master mankind in the end. There is at least one machine which has achieved this result already—the Machine of Politics. The British Political Machine has so far mastered British mankind that it has succeeded in foisting upon nearly one-tenth of British Parliamentary constituencies men of alien blood to represent them. A leading Hebrew journal expressed its delight in this achievement, since this solid phalanx, it said, would be able to promote—not British,

but—Hebrew interests! The Prussian political Machine has so far mastered the Germanic peoples and all their allies that Lutherans, Catholics, Socialists, Atheists, Liberals and Conservatives, all vote solid for the German God of War. And there is yet another machine which has mastered men, and which aims at world-domination. The Roman Catholic Church consists of two parts. One part comprises a great body of believers and worshippers; the other is a soul-less political machine, which uses the devotion of its agents and adherents for purely political ends. Ever since the days of Bismarck the Vatican and the Prussian Machines have been in close alliance for one and the same purpose—the world-triumph of Mammon.

Machines love machines. How closely the British Machine is wedded to the Vatican-Potsdam Machine must be left for historians to determine. This much is certain: The British Machine, for the first time since the Protestant revolution, has recently placed at the Vatican a love-link with itself in the shape of an envoy; and this in spite of the fact that during the Boer War the Vatican played the Kaiser's game, and poisoned European opinion with lies against Britain and her army! And

so close was the bond between the machines before war was actually declared with Germany that, but for a mighty outburst of public opinion, the British Machine would have committed this country to a course of eternal shame. The universal sigh of relief which the nation uttered when the die was cast gave the Machine another opportunity. Tension was relaxed. Everyone believed that when once the nation was at war nothing would be left undone to repair the errors of the ante-war time. Little did the Nation understand the nature of machines. Taking advantage of this innocent attitude and belief, the Machine did everything it possibly could to aid the enemy within our borders and without, and to hinder the cause of Britain. And all was done under an exuberant pretence of devotion to the public interest.

And machines do indeed breed machines. When a British Government goes out of office and a new parliament is elected, it is the Machine and not the constituencies which selects the candidates to be voted for. No would-be candidate has a chance of selection who will not bow to the Machine. At the last General Election the son of a great Victorian statesman was ousted from a constituency for which he had been an accepted

candidate for the sole reason that he refused to allow the Machine to pay his election expenses! Such a measure of independence the Machine could in no wise tolerate. Thus it always happens that when a new Machine appears it bears such a striking resemblance to the old Machine that the parentage is unmistakeable. It is the child of the old Machine and a kept Parliament. The Country, which is supposed to be its sole parent, is merely its wet-nurse. And all over our islands a brood of machines, the numerous offspring of Westminster, is billeted on the people, corrupting and devouring its principles.

The Political Machine has two wings. The Government and the Opposition look like two distinct bodies, but they are only two in the sense that the right hand and the left hand of the same person are two. When the Right is overtaken in some particularly glaring fault, the left either knows not what the right has done, or hastens to assist in covering it up. And when the two wings openly coalesce, there is no discoverable change in policy.

Political machinery is of the family of Mammon: the money-power is its inspiration. When the son of a millionaire of alien blood who has paved his golden way to an old English name and

a new English peerage, and who has put his hatred of The Christ on such unmistakeable record as to have cut off from his golden inheritance any descendant of his who should marry outside the synagogue of Caiaphas,—when one of this man's sons, who has taken to wife a recusant Christian lady, can climb to a foremost place in the British political Machine without a breath of disapproval from Archbishop or Nonconformist, it is plain for all to see how very little the interests of Christianity or of Britain count in manning and steering our Ship of State. And it must never be forgotten that under whatever guise—whether in the shape of the Machine of Potsdam, or of the Sacred College, or of Judea, or of English politics—the enemy of Britain is Mammon. Britain's agony to-day is due to the measure in which the doctrine of Mammon has ousted the Gospel of The Christ from her land. The leaven of Mammon must have eaten deep into Britain's national life for the Shylock ideal to have so corrupted national aims as to have made wealth the goal, the means and the measure of our hopes, and a sufficient cover for a multitude of sins.

Money is a means of exchange. One man grows corn: another raises sheep. The sheep-farmer

may need corn, and the corn-grower may need wool. In such case it is easy for an exchange to be effected without the aid of money. And if the corn-grower wants not wool but horses, and a horse-dealer is present who needs wool, again an exchange may be effected without money. But a time comes when the convenience of a medium of exchange into which all commodities are convertible is a necessity. This is the function of money. But it is not the proper function of the money-dealer to enslave all the other dealers. And that is precisely what the money-power seeks to do, and very often does. And that is why the money-power finds its subtle way into all sorts of places which should be sacred. When national "honours" are to be had for the buying, how can the nation do other than give honour and worship to wealth? The Kaiser counted on this: he knew our political Machine, for did he not help to build it? But he did not know, and he never could know, the British nation. He knew it was his chief enemy, but he did not know why. The ideals of Teuton and Briton are utterly incompatible.

On Calvary's Mount Caiaphas was allowed to appear to the world as the victor. When Peter's sword had cut off the ear of Caiaphas' servant,

Christ said "Suffer ye thus far." The time of the full mission of The Sword was not yet. Now there is no such order. On the contrary: the whole world must now make choice between the sword of Caiaphas and the Sword of Christ. Britain has made her choice, in spite of all the efforts of all the Machines to make her steer a fatal middle course.

There is life in British blood yet. Should the Homeland fail in her duty, the strong young nations to which she has given birth will unite to compel its fulfilment. The Teuton Mammon had tightly gripped the mineral wealth of the British Empire, and the Imperial Political Machine of Britain steadily refused to break its bonds. So far as the grip affected Australia, with infinite pains and persistence, in spite of the refusal of help from the Machine of Westminster, our Southern Colony hacked the fetters off her own limbs and now stands free. The young Nations of the Empire must no longer be withheld from the Imperial Council. Henceforth the British Imperial Parliament must be imperial in fact as well as in name. The Sword will not have completed its task for our country until it has broken in pieces the decrepit and corrupt Political Machine at its head, cut out of it every alien, non-

British and anti-British element, and cleared the way for a Living, Clean Tribunal, fired with the Nation's Spirit to lead the British People on the Path of its high Destiny.

Nor are the Machines of the politicians the only machines which The Sword must smite if England is to find deliverance from those who would turn her from her Path. In olden times there was some human contact between master and man in most of the walks of industrial life. Each felt that in some degree he was his brother's keeper. But Mammon, the great inspirer of the money-spinning machine, stealthily crept into every nook and cranny of industrial life, and finally claimed it for his own. In place of a master dealing with his man, we have the Trust and the Limited Company—limited in liability, unlimited in numerical proprietorship—with boards of directors and general managers whose chief interest is in the dividends that accrue. The Machine has displaced Humanity, and in self-defence the Man has erected another Machine to contend with that of his many-headed master. And so it comes about that we have perpetual warfare between Trades' Unions and Trusts,

both of them inventions and instruments of Mammon. And for the numberless casualties of this never-ending war still other machines have been invented, which may be called the Red Cross League of Organised Charities and State Pensions, yet another department of Mammon-service, being so many sops to the consciences of the winners in the gamble of life.

"Competition is the soul of business" is a favourite maxim of Mammon. Competition is assassination unless it is competition in developing the teeming treasures of the earth and in making them available for all. Every nation and every human being has the power of adding some element to human progress which no other nation and no other individual possesses. It is the duty of the nation and of the man to find wherein the power lies, and to bring it to perfection. The power may be unknown to its possessor, as the human value of his work is unknown to the bird who builds the edible nests; but honest purpose in the round of life will surely bring it to fruition for bird and man, whether its owner knows it or not.

In addition to machines of trade and politics there are machines of the arts and sciences, of the professions, of the Church—all more or less

utilised to secure the self-interest of the bodies concerned. When ships of war are past their utility, they are broken up, but with social and political machines it is very different. These have also their uses, and may have been designed for the general good. But with changing conditions their utility cannot last for ever, and when it is past they become parasites on the nation, unless they are scrapped like obsolete warships. It is the end for which a machine is used which makes it good or bad. When social or political machinery has ceased to serve the purpose of national good, and has become the property and instrument of needy or greedy officials, then has the time come for the nation to break it up. For social and political machinery, when it has become emptied of its use and purpose, falls an easy prey to any alien influence which may be at hand to seize it, as when a hermit-crab takes possession of a shell whose original owner and builder has forsaken it.

No man can live for himself alone. In proportion as he endeavours to do it, in that degree is he odious to his fellows. The possession of self-consciousness is the quality which distinguishes man from the animal creation. The price which this possession demands of a man is the necessity

of his becoming either a self-seeking or a self-sacrificing individual. He is given the power to choose whether he will be the slave of material desires or a free spiritual being. For spirituality and self-sacrifice are one and the same. As the material or the spiritual leads a man, so is he. And as with a man so is it with a nation, or a class. No nation, no class, no race can live for itself alone; and in proportion as either aims at this, in that proportion is it odious to the rest of mankind. The Class which sets class-interest before national interest is a disease in the commonwealth and not a source of strength. Social and political machines inevitably tend to the selfish end of the scale the moment their primary aims are lost sight of.

The New Wine of life which is flooding the world to-day will surely burst the old wine-skins of political shibboleths, of sociological, ecclesiastical and theological dogmas, of the trades-union orthodoxy of professions, sciences and arts. It is now the task of the peoples of the earth to provide the New Wine-skins that are needed. For it must ever be borne in mind that the rebuilding of the national temples—national institutions—is the work and duty of the peoples themselves. This task they can with no safety derogate to officials

whom they cannot control. Ministers of State are the Nation's servants, but in our national affairs they have assumed the position of masters. This must never be possible again. No master can with safety give up the responsibility of his position. We have been told by one who lately occupied a high place in the ministry that the mistakes of our servant-governors were due to the fact that the Nation took no interest in the mischief which they were doing. Henceforth the Nation has no excuse: it must take up its own work, and see that its servants serve *it*, and refuse to be their slaves.

The British are a law-abiding race. Therefore the British people must make their own laws. The soul of Law is Justice. Law deprived of its soul is the deadliest of tyrannies. Laws made, inspired, administered by men of alien blood and alien interests have no essential relationship to British justice. If British respect for Law is to survive, it is Britons who must make and inspire her laws. This can never be so long as alien influence can dominate the Senate-house; so long as seats in both Houses of Parliament can be bought, directly or indirectly, with money or money's equivalent. And so long as the highest places in the administration of the law are given as prizes to

those who have done most to serve the interests of the Political Machine, Justice can have but a slender acquaintance with Law.

England has no right to complain if astute and wealthy men of alien blood occupy high places in Senate and Curia. It is England's indolence which has made this possible. She has no right to complain of the aliens. They have their own interests to serve, and they have their own ethics. They have only played the game which England has allowed them to play. The worship of wealth and success has corrupted all grades of society; and if men who are the most astute accumulators of wealth are found at the top it is the Nation which is to blame for permitting it.

"The English people," said Voltaire, "is not only jealous of any infringement of its own liberty, it is also jealous of interference with the liberty of other peoples." England never received higher praise than this. The man who loves liberty and justice for himself alone loves neither liberty nor justice, but himself; and it is the same with a nation. It is the determination to see justice done to others that is the test of men and nations. England can only retain her reputation for the character which struck Voltaire if her laws are made, inspired, administered by herself. The

traitorous hand of the money power must keep its defiling touch off this sacred ark. The laws of England can easily be made to serve the ends of Mammon, but they cannot be made to serve England as well.

As with the Law, so with the Church. So long as a corrupt Political Machine has the distribution of the richest prizes of the Establishment, so long must we expect to see political Churchmen in the highest places rather than saints. Nor need we be surprised to find archprelates boasting of sacred memories of handshakes with the archfiend.

IV

That England's Ideal is in verity Justice and Truth The Sword has vividly revealed. The ideal of Mammon had so dazzled the Nation before The Sword flashed its Light, that it seemed as if wealth was the only national desire, and the attainment of wealth its sole endeavour. But when the Call came there was no hesitation on the part of the Nation to respond, except such as the slaves of Mammon in high places had engineered. Before the war Mammon had so far secured the armed forces of the Empire for his own ends as to make it appear that the primary use of the Army and Navy was for protecting wealth and property against the needs of poverty and want. Property, says Mammon, is more important than life, and, therefore, when necessary, property must take life in its own defence. As this doctrine had been accepted and enforced by our rulers it is no wonder that the task of the recruiting sergeant was a hard

one. One stroke of The Sword has shattered this doctrine of Mammon. The armed forces of the Empire have recovered their soul and their rightful status at a bound. The will and the right to die for Britain and Britain's Ideals, this is the true title to a place on Honour's Roll. The Empire for the Right and Britain's manhood for the Empire's defence, this is a Call ten thousand times more potent than all the enticements of Mammon. This is a Call which the Nation has heard, and this is a Call which will never be silent again so long as the Empire exists.

In spite of the low money emolument which we give to our sailors and soldiers of all ranks, the profession of arms has always been accorded social precedence over commercial pursuits. The underlying reason of this is to be found in the fact that the essence of the function of the fighting man is the privilege of giving his life for the Nation. Like Chaucer's Knight, he is the Guardian of the Nation against the Oppressor. This the Nation now sees, whereas it only felt the truth of it before. And now the Nation as a whole claims the right to the privilege. The defence of the Empire and its Ideals can no longer be left to an isolated profession. The whole British people must share in the danger, the toil, and the glory of fighting

under the Banner of their Knight; and Commerce, with Industry, must find her soul in bringing the whole of her power and her wealth to the same great service.

The pacifist and the militarist are alike the servants of materialist Mammon. A soulless peace is the peace the pacifist demands, and a soulless army is the only army that is of use in the rapine-service of Mammon. England is a fighting nation. All the elements which go to make up the nation are fighting elements. All have fought for national rights as against private and personal pretensions. The man who will only fight for his own personal rights and possessions is no true son of Britain. The men and women who have given, and those who are ready to give, their lives for the ideals and the rights of the Nation, on the stricken field, on the scaffold, or at the stake, these are true Britons. It is this spirit of self-sacrifice which has rallied to the Empire's defence the millions who have already come, and it is this which will continue to draw the millions who are coming. In the conflict now raging England is recovering her soul. In the conflict which must follow England will rise on stepping-stones of dead machines and shattered reputations to her being's height. For we are entered on the last of the Crusades.

Britain and her Allies are arrayed against the Crescent and the German God in the cause of all that the Cross of Calvary means. All the Tribal Gods are arrayed in battle, material and mental, against Right, Humanity, Justice and Nationality. And whilst fighting for their very existence the Nations of the Cross are fighting for something vastly greater: they are fighting for the liberation of the Human Race from mental and moral slavery.

It is The Sword of the Word of God that the Allies are wielding. The end of the Second Day of this Era is approaching. It is the twilight of the old gods. The dead religions of Race and Lust lie heavy on nations and empires. Life is contending with Death, and happy are the Warriors who fight under Life's Banners. For Life is more than possessions, and England and her Allies know it, though England's Rulers seemed not to know. But England knows, and will not forget, and will not forgive those who have deceived her. Wealth will be dethroned from the place of honour, and a New Life and a New Code will reign in the Land.

V

Many years ago, speaking with a North Briton who had seen many lands about the future of the German Empire, which was then pushing its tenacles in many directions, he exclaimed: "Germany can never be a world Power: its language alone would prevent it. No nation with a language like that could ever dominate the world."

There was much wisdom in the remark. The language of a nation is a true index of its character. It was not so much the harsh, guttural quality of the sounds as the rigid rules and declensions with which the German language is fettered that were referred to by my interlocutor. These suit the German genius which has produced them, but they are not willingly adopted by any other people. The freedom, the grace, the precision and the music of the French tongue are in as sharp contrast with the qualities of the German as is the genius of France with the genius of Germany.

The English language has long discarded all inflections and declensions which seem unessential, and it has thereby gained a directness and a force which have helped to make it the most widely spoken tongue at the present day. Germany can enslave other peoples, as it has enslaved the natives of its African colonies; but it cannot make its slaves speak the German tongue. It is compelled to speak with them in Pidgin English. The inconsistencies of the English language in the varieties of sound attached to the same letter in different words are doubtless a reflection of some of the inconsistencies of the national character. But these inconsistencies in no way derogate from the greatness of its literature, which is one of its highest possessions and chief responsibilities. The England of John Wyckliffe, of William Tyndale, of Edmund Spenser, of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Johnson, of Shelley, of Blake is in the balance. Will the England of the future hold the scales steady and prove herself true daughter of the England of her sires, or will she kick the beam?

The voice of a man is the most spiritual thing in his anatomy. The Literature of a nation is the Nation's Voice. Words are swords. "The Sword of the Spirit," we are told, "is The Word of

God" :—"And out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword." Words are the bodies of ideas. Like other bodies they may be instinct with their proper life, they may be shells of parasitic ideas, or they may be dead and death-dealing. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

There are few tyrannies of the present time more prevalent and more deadly than the Tyranny of Words, and there are few people more prone to be enslaved by it than ourselves. The Kaiser knew our weakness well, and has played on it to the full through his army of ambassadors, agents and spies, British, German, Anglo-German, neutral and Anglo-neutral, wherever he could find a politician or a journalist to flatter or to bribe and an audience to be deluded.

One of the chief fetish catchwords of the present day, one which has numbered its victims by myriads, is the word "Progress." The last century witnessed such amazing advance in the mechanical arts and sciences that the very idea of progress has become an object of idolatry, and now anything that can be labelled "progressive" is at once saluted as a sacred and holy thing. It never occurs to its dupes to inquire whether it is

the Rake's Progress or the Pilgrim's which they are saluting. Again, the word "Scientific" has been used to cover a world of delusions, and to entrench a hierarchy of ignorance against assaults of the Light. It seldom occurs to any to remember that the science of yesterday is the ignorance of to-day, and that "scientific" and "unscientific" are dead words apart from their environment and the point of view of the person who utters them. The science of Ptolemy did very well for the cosmology of the universe until Copernicus arrived. Then it was science no longer. The atom did very well as a solution of the enigma of the constitution of matter until the theory of "ions" and "electrons" made its appearance. Yet in spite of all the exploded theories of scientific authorities, the tickets of "scientific" and "unscientific" are still used as if they had absolute values, and are sufficient to entrench many a superstition in the curule chairs of Medicine and Physics, or to block out unwelcome rays of light. "Evolution" is a demon-word which can be used to prove or to disprove any contention which a speaker may desire to bolster up or to confute. It is abjectly worshipped by one set of people, and is regarded with horror by another set, neither of them having any accurate conception of the real meaning of

the word, or of the process of involution of which evolution is but another aspect. "Toleration" is a demon which tempts alike our virtues and our vices, our generosity and our indolence. Rather than not be "tolerant" our Nation will admit aliens in blood, in religion, in interests to seats in Senate and Curia, and will condone any amount of iniquity in high places so long as it is screened with the cloak of respectability. The word positively invites imposition, and in these times it is pose which rules the world. "Speak not evil of dignitaries" is our rulers' shield against criticism, and the pose of injured innocence behind the shield is sufficient to secure for delinquents the reward of a martyr's crown. Should anyone express disapproval of Judas Iscariot, or Caiaphas, or Herod, or Pilate, or of any of their modern prototypes, they are silenced with the plea that "there were doubtless faults on both sides"; and presently we find these worthies make their appearance as the heroes of works of fiction. "Peace, Retrenchment, Reform" is a demon phrase embodying the pure gospel of the Synagogue of Satan. "Peace" in the face of Oppression red-handed is the Devil's weapon for robbing Saint George of his Sword. "Retrenchment" of expenditure due in a

country's defence is the sin of Judas Iscariot. "Reform" of political machinery is the forging of new fetters for a nation of slaves. The "Freedom" of trade which plays into the hands of alien trusts is no freedom at all, but chains and slavery; and the loudest voices in its praise are those of the men who best know how to turn it to their private advantage. If the British people are truly in earnest in their resolve to break the fetters which bind the nations, they must insist on unmasking the word-idols which have so long enslaved themselves.

The English language is an enormous responsibility, which the British Empire must by no means shirk. In the days which followed Alexander's conquests the Greek language became the language of the civilised world. When Rome followed Greece and extended the range of world dominion, still the Greek language flourished over the widest extent of the empire, and Greek was the second language of the educated Roman as French is the second language of all Europeans outside France to-day. It was in the language of Greece at its widest extension, and not in the language of the Hebrews, that the Manifested Word found written utterance and

was given to mankind. The New Testament has nothing whatever that is specifically Jewish about it. It is supremely Human and non-racial.

At the close of the Second Day of our Era the language of England stands in a relation to the world at large somewhat analogous to that of the Greek language at its opening. The English New Testament is something more than a mere translation of the Greek. Those good people who have faith in the literal inspiration of the English Bible have, perhaps, more justification for their faith than those who scoff at them think. Words are the bodies of ideas; and it cannot be contested that the English New Testament is a national embodiment of The New Ideal which is, in a sense, as worthy and as original as the Greek text itself. It is and ever will remain the culminating point of all the vast treasures of our language. The ecclesiastical machines which have been builded around it are a very different matter. The Sword will have a Word to speak to some of these structures before the Second Day ends.

VI

The great catastrophe which we are witnessing has not made the world any more wicked than it was before, it has only revealed the wickedness which was already there but hidden. And if it has revealed inconceivable depths of depravity in some, it has also brought to light undreamed-of heroism in others. Armageddon has brought a world which prided itself on its civilisation face to face with Reality and Truth. No less a cataclysm could have accomplished this. When Armageddon has passed, all the old impostures will raise their heads and seek to recover their broken power, and among them this same sham Civilisation, with all its trappings of State and Church and Wealth and Respectability. But the trappings can never be quite the same again, and "Civilisation" can no longer prove the word of comfort it has been in the past whilst unspeakable wickedness has been hatching and breeding under its cloak.

We have reached a point in the world's history when men will begin to ask of a thing, What IS it? and of a man, What IS he? and not what name men call him by. We are coming to a time when the only question that matters will be, What IS? A man will be judged by his fellows according to his manifested character, and not according to how many millions he possesses, or how many acres, or how many titles. A new criterion for men and things and institutions must inevitably be set up, and then Civilisation itself may have a chance of becoming a Reality. In the meantime, the gangrene of Unreality has eaten so deeply into the world's affairs that the world cries aloud to The Good Surgeon to come and cut it out.

And when the Operation of The Sword is complete there will be long years of convalescence during which the Healers of mankind will have strenuous work to do in order to nurse the world back to sanity and health. There will be room for every living soul in this endeavour.

Nations are made up of families, and families of units. The strength of a nation rests in the last resort on the character of the individuals composing it. The life and health of a man reside in

his blood and in its countless individual elements. The life and health of a nation reside in the myriads of honest souls whom it comprises. Every single unit of our Nation, if he can do nothing more, can choose which side in the struggle for national Purity and Justice he will cleave to, and so take his place in the ranks. This is the personal message which The Sword brings home to everyone. And The Sword, we are told, is "Two-edged, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

This is a Conscription Call which none may evade.

As the white light of the sun contains within it all the colours of the rainbow, so the Religion of Humanity contains within its rays all the national Ideals. Every nation has its own Light within it. The nearness or remoteness of the Day of final Victory of Right over Wrong depends on how true each Nation is to its Inner Light, its own highest Ideal.

Every nation is a composite spiritual entity in exactly the same way as is every man and every

woman. A nation is like a vestal virgin with a Lamp of her own in the Temple of Humanity to keep burning, which it is death for her to suffer to go out. Patriotism in its highest reach is the passion of devotion to this Ideal. The supreme victory is found in the sacrifice of personal life and ease in its defence. A nation is like a tree. The flowers and fruit and leaves of a tree may fall, but the tree lives on and increases from year to year. So does a nation grow and increase by the self-sacrifice of her children.

But when the money-dealer enters the Temple, the Light goes out. When a nation lusts after possessions it has slain its Ideal. Possessions mean responsibilities. Possessions aimed at and duties neglected, this is the religion of Cain, of Shylock, of Mammon. This is the religion of those who murdered the Ideal of Humanity. This is the religion of those who crucified their captives taken in battle. No nation can live in the Light of Humanity which practises this religion. No nation can live with honour untarnished which permits men of tribes and nations who cling to this religion of Death to intermeddle with her state affairs. Therefore, let the Nations beware whom they admit to the pilotage of their Ships of State.

Honesty is the only policy the Nations of The Cross can endure. Duties come before rights, responsibilities before possessions. When Nations and Churches and Professions seek only for Truth, and not at all for their establishments when Truth is at stake, then will the Dawn of the New Day be at hand.

When Caiaphas called in Herod and Pilate to aid him in crucifying the Ideal of Humanity, he destroyed Jerusalem and robbed his race of its home and nationality. But he could not destroy the Ideal Jerusalem, which lives in a realm he could not see, the imperishable home of Truth, Justice, Beauty; of Essential Religion, Science, Art. This Jerusalem every Nation may build for herself, if she will. But this can only be done by the honest hands of honest nations. It can only be done by a never-ending war against Falsehood and Injustice.

VII

" And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

" And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

" Bring me my Bow of burning gold:
Bring me my Arrows of desire:
Bring me my Spear: O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

" I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant Land."

Thus sang Blake a century ago.

In the building of The City of God the Mason must ever be a Swordsman as well. He who lacks the will or the courage to fight and to conquer the enemies of Liberty, Justice, Truth and Humanity

is not able, and is not worthy to lay one of its stones.

When Nehemiah at the Court of King Artaxerxes received word by his brother, Hanani, of the evil case of Jerusalem, of its shattered walls and burned out gates, and of the sufferings of his brethren therein, defenceless against their enemies, his grief was so great that he was unable to conceal it when he waited upon his royal master. Having ascertained the cause of his sorrow, the King gave Nehemiah leave and authority to visit Jerusalem, to rebuild its ruined walls and gates, and to act as its Governor for the time. On his arrival he found the state of the city even as it had been described to him, and he secretly made his plans for its restoration. And secrecy was needed; for the Rebuilder was closely beset by foes without and foes within. Chief of the alien enemies were Sanballat the Horonite, Tobiah the Ammonite, and Geshem the Arabian. With scorn, violence and treachery they sought to hinder the Governor's work, and even to murder the Governor himself. But, in spite of all their machinations, the work went on: "Every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other held his weapon; and the builders,

every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded."

But building and fighting the alien foe were only part of the Governor's troubles. There was oppression within the city. By the practice of usury certain rich Jews brought their poorer brethren into a state of bond-slavery to themselves. The poor, who had been compelled to borrow in order to pay their taxes, cried out to the Governor for protection, and his anger was kindled against the oppressors. He compelled the usurers to restore the fields and vineyards which they had taken in pledge and to set the owners of them free. As an example to the wealthy, and to all rulers, he himself refused to accept the tribute which was due to him as Governor, maintaining, on the contrary, at his own table a large number of those who were devoting themselves to the great work.

After twelve years of incessant labour and conflict, when the walls were finished and the doors of the gates set up, and when life and goods were made safe against foes without, the Governor returned to his duties at Artaxerxes' court. But he had not been long away when he received news of his beloved city which impelled him to

ask the king for leave to return. For in his absence the alien enemy had found entrance through the influence of friends and relations in high places. Eliashib the priest, who had been appointed over the chambers of the Temple, had prepared within the sacred precincts a spacious apartment for the accommodation of one of his people's worst enemies, Tobiah the Ammonite, displacing for his reception the proper Temple attendants; for Tobiah was allied by marriage to Eliashib. As soon as Nehemiah returned to Jerusalem he took steps to remedy this outrage. He "cast forth all the household stuff of Tobiah out of the chamber," and he gave command that the chambers should be cleansed and restored to their proper occupants. But more remained to be done. The Jews had desecrated the Sabbath by permitting all kinds of merchandise to be brought into the city and sold on the Sabbath day. Therefore the Governor ordered that the gates of the city should be closed from sunset on the sixth day of the week till sunrise on the first, and he warned the alien traders that if they persisted in assembling outside the gates on the Sabbath, he would lay hands on them. Thereupon they desisted. But Eliashib the priest, who had presently become high-priest, was not merely related to the

alien Tobiah, his grandson must needs marry a daughter of the other chief enemy of his tribe, Sanballat the Horonite, and Sanballat likewise peacefully penetrated into Jerusalem. But, in spite of his high connections, the Governor lost no time in chasing him also from his presence.

Which things are an allegory full of portent for ourselves : and to those who have the vision to read it, all history is symbolical and fraught with many meanings. If the Hebrew people had been chosen for the express purpose of exemplifying to the rest of the world all the faults which it is possible for any nation to commit, they could hardly have acted otherwise than their Scriptures record of them. One redeeming feature of the race lies in the fact that, up till two thousand years ago, there arose from time to time members of it with the vision to see the right, and the courage to warn the wrongdoers. And the writings of their prophets and scribes which have come down to us breathe a spirit of perfect honesty and candour. No fault is hidden or glozed over; no attempt is made to make wrong appear right. The greatest kindness which the nations of the earth can do to the Hebrew people is to take warning by their example, and do the very

opposite of that which their histories tell of them.

In the cyclical revolution of the ages the task of rebuilding the broken walls and burned gates of the City of God—*Civitas Dei*—the real Civilisation, has passed into other hands. But its enemies remain the same. The Sanballats and Tobiahs of Potsdam, Vienna, Sofia, Constantinople, and the Vatican, with the Arabian Geshems of Frankfort, Hamburg, London and New York, are very much alive at this great crisis, and are doing their worst to prevent or hinder the Rebuilding. And they have many friends and relations among the Allied builders ready to open the gates to them, and to find for them lodgment and hospitality in the most sacred places of the City.

Let the Allies of the Cross beware! They must not cease from Mental Fight, nor must The Sword sleep in their hands, till the Walls are rebuilt, the Gates set up, and the alien Enemy, alien Usurer, alien Intriguer are barred effectually—and for ever!

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